



No. 116

Ten Cents

OCT.
1946



Detective COMICS

Join
Robin Hood
AND HIS MERRY
MEN IN SHERWOOD
FOREST WITH
BATMAN
and **ROBIN**



Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Former World's Heavyweight
Boxing Champion

Member, Executive Board

New York Boy Scout Foundation



The following mag-
azines all bear this
trademark as your
guarantee of the best
in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
ALL-FLASH
ALL FUNNY COMICS
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
FUNNY FOLK
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 116, Oct., 1946. Published monthly
by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17,
N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter
at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3,
1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage.
Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address



KING OF THE ZOO,
HE KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT
AND HE KNOWS WHO'S WHO,
AND WHEN THIS SYMBOL
CATCHES HIS EYE,
HE KNOWS EXACTLY
THE COMIC TO BUY!



-ON THE COVER OF
**LEADING
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE,
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

The National Comics Group, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17,
N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1946 by Detective Comics,
Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the
stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are
entirely imaginary and fictitious and no identification with actual
persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.
Printed in U.S.A.



BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-



Bowstrings twang in Sherwood Forest, and feathered arrows speed toward more exciting game than the king's deer, as **BATMAN** and **ROBIN**—modern Robin Hoods who fight the battles of the weak and helpless against injustice and oppression—flash back through 700 years of history to meet a crisis in medieval England! And, leading a merry band of freedom-loving outlaws against battles of tyranny, the **DYNAMIC DUO** calls upon miracles of 20th-century science to bring about...

66
The Rescue of Robin Hood!

BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON VISIT AN OLD FRIEND WHO HOLDS THE KEY TO THRILLING ADVENTURE—IN THE PAST!

STILL WANT TO TAKE THAT TRIP TO SHERWOOD FOREST, DICK?

YOU BET!
IT'S HIGH TIME
ROBIN MET HIS
FAMOUS NAMESAKE,
ROBIN HOOD!

THE FRIEND—PROF. CARTER NICHOLS—IS A NOTED STUDENT OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND.

SO YOU'D LIKE ME TO SEND YOU BACK TO 13TH-CENTURY ENGLAND? ALL RIGHT—GET READY...

YOU'RE FALLING ASLEEP... LEAVING THE PRESENT... GOING BACK... BACK THROUGH THE AGES...

THOUGHTS BECOME BLURRED... CHAOTIC... UNTIL...

STRANGE... INSTEAD OF GOING TO SLEEP, I'M WAKING UP!

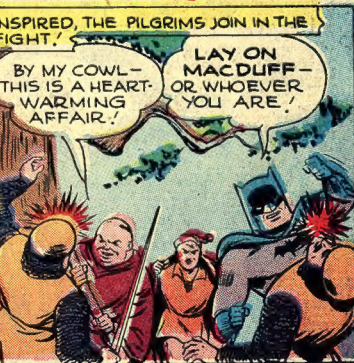
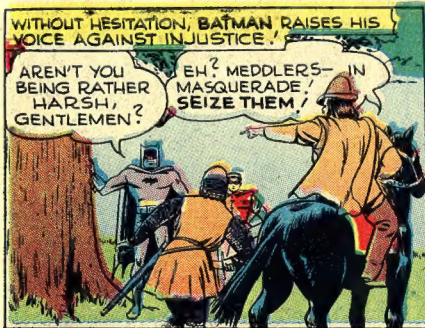
LOOK! QUICK—CHANGE FOR ACTION!

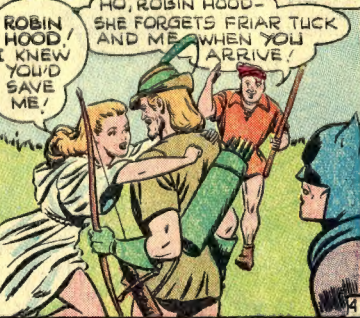
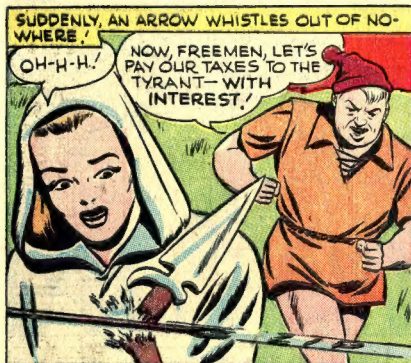
AND BATMAN AND ROBIN BEHOLD HOW THE KING'S TAXES WERE COLLECTED ONCE UPON A TIME...

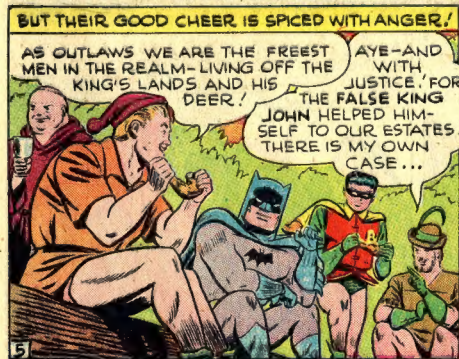
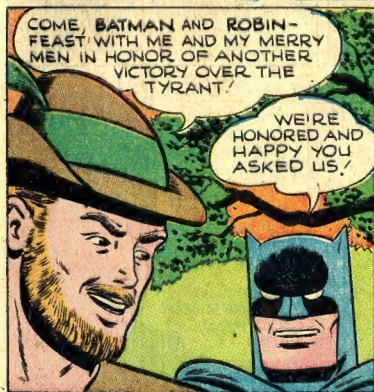
FOR TRAVELING WITHOUT THE KING'S PASS, YOUR MONEY AND GOODS ARE FORFEIT!

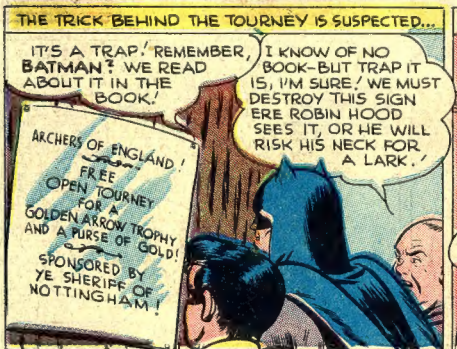
AND UNLESS THERE IS ENOUGH, YOU WILL BE SOLD INTO SERFDOM!



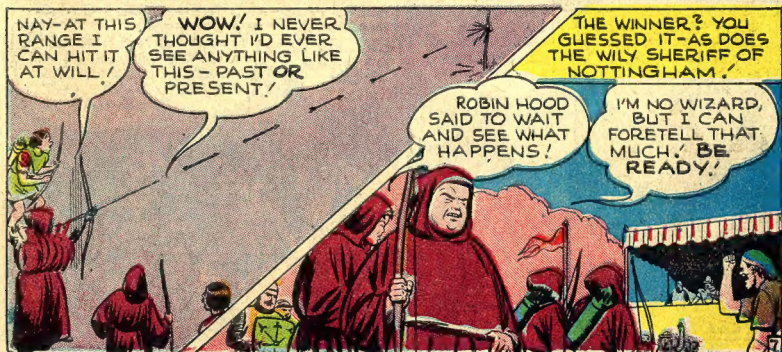
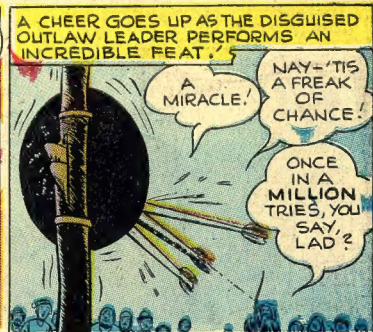
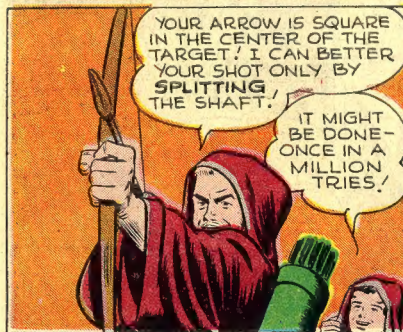
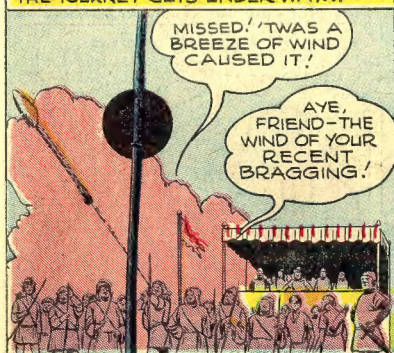








THE TOURNEY GETS UNDER WAY...



AND NOW—THE SHERIFF'S TREACHERY!



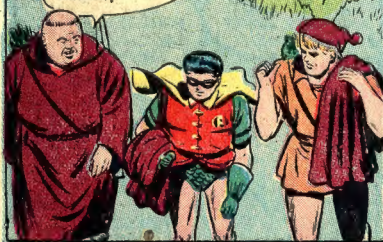
BENDING FORWARD, BATMAN SPEAKS SWIFTLY INTO HIS TWO-WAY RADIO!



AND ROBIN OBEYS...



WE'LL GATHER OUR TRUSTY BOWMEN—AND IF ROBIN HOOD SENDS ORDERS THROUGH YOUR MAGIC BUCKLE, WE WILL OBEY THEM!



HOURS PASS—AND THE ANXIOUS BAND WAITS ...



MEANWHILE, IN A DISMAL DUNGEON...

I FEAR, BATMAN,
YOU AND I WILL
RUST HERE THESE
CHAINS DO!

DON'T WORRY! I HAVE
SOMETHING IN MY
UTILITY BELT THAT
WILL WORK FASTER
THAN RUST!



HO, THE
IRON IS
MELTING!

IT'S A SPECIAL ACID
I CARRY JUST FOR
SUCH EMERGENCIES!



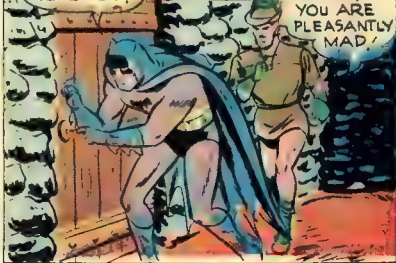
DON'T SPILL IT
ON YOUR SKIN!
NOW I'LL FILE
A KEY TO FIT
THAT CLUMSY LOCK
ON THE DOOR!

MY FRIEND, YOU
CARRY TOOLS
ENOUGH FOR
A TINKER!



SEVEN CENTURIES
FROM NOW, LOCKS
WILL BE HARDER
TO OPEN!

I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND THIS
TALK OF THE FUTURE,
BATMAN, BUT IF IT IS
LUNACY,
YOU ARE
PLEASANTLY
MAD!



WE'LL LEAVE HIM
SLEEPING SOUNDER
THAN BEFORE!

A GENTLE
TAP BEHIND
THE EAR WILL
DO IT!



AND AS THE VILLAINOUS SHERIFF CELEBRATES...

THE KING WILL REWARD
ME ROYALLY FOR
ROBIN HOOD'S
HEAD!



AND YOUR
OWN WILL REST
MORE EASILY, I SAY,
FOR THE SEVERING
OF HIS!



AND NOW, A 20TH-CENTURY MIRACLE OPENS
A 13TH-CENTURY MELODRAMA!

OUTLAWS OF SHERWOOD
FOREST—ROBIN HOOD
CALLING... COME TO THE
CASTLE...

FREEMEN
OF
ENGLAND—
ARISE!

AT LAST!



FLAMING TORCHES LIGHT THE FOREST AS
THE BOLD BAND PRESSES FORWARD—
TO DO OR DIE!

'TIS DROLL, EH?—ROBIN
LEADING ROBIN HOOD'S
MEN, TO RESCUE
HIS NAMESAKE!

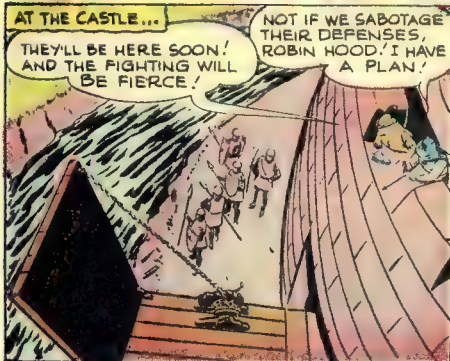
AYE—AND GUIDED
BY THE MAGIC OF
BATMAN WHO TELLS
STRANGE TALES OF
A WORLD MANY
YEARS IN THE
FUTURE.



AT THE CASTLE...

THEY'LL BE HERE SOON!
AND THE FIGHTING WILL
BE FIERCE!

NOT IF WE SABOTAGE
THEIR DEFENSES,
ROBIN HOOD! I HAVE
A PLAN!



DO YOU
FOLLOW
ME?

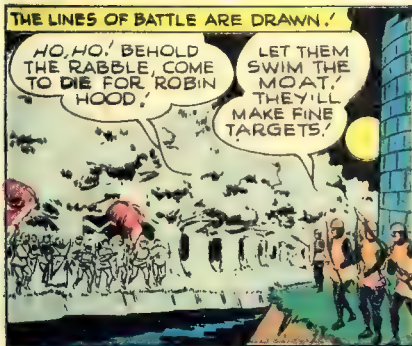
NAY, I AM AHEAD
OF YOU. 'MINE SHALL
BE THE HONOR
OF LOWERING
THE BRIDGE!



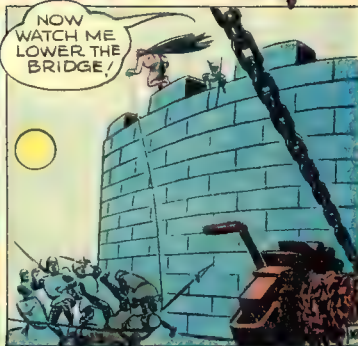
THE LINES OF BATTLE ARE DRAWN!

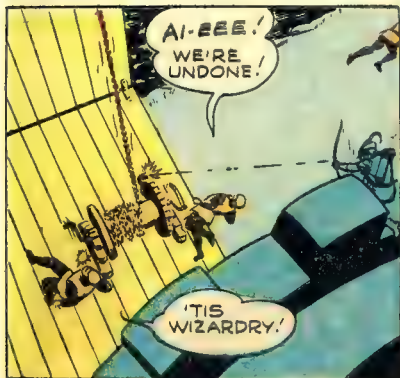
HO, HO! BEHOLD
THE RABBLE, COME
TO DIE FOR ROBIN
HOOD!

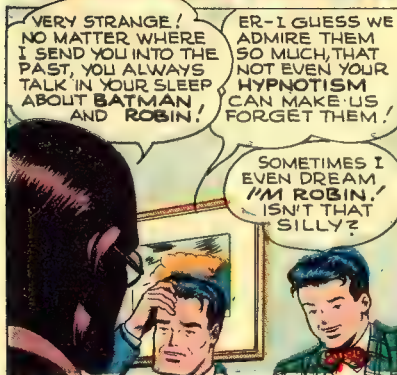
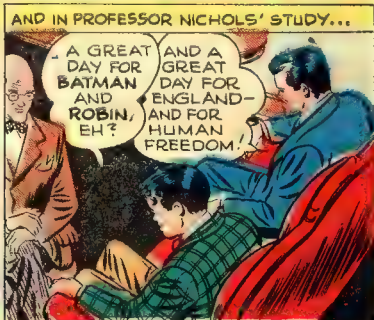
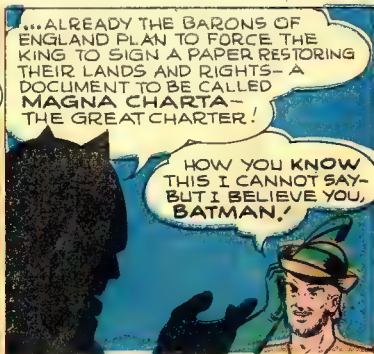
LET THEM
SWIM THE
MOAT,
THEY'LL
MAKE FINE
TARGETS!



NOW
WATCH ME
LOWER THE
BRIDGE!







Vern STEPHENS

HOME RUN CHAMPION
OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE, 1945

IT'S HIS YEAR TO HOWL

WE CAN WIN-- IF WE JUST GET MORE RUNS

I'VE GOT TWO REASONS FOR EATING 'EM HAVEN'T I?

I'VE GOT TWO GOOD REASONS FOR LIKING WHEATIES," EXPLAINS CHAMPION VERN STEPHENS.
(1) I LIKE TO START THE DAY WITH SOME SOLID NOURISHMENT. SO NATURALLY I INCLUDE MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES.
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.'
(2) I REALLY GO FOR THAT 'SWELL FOR THAT 'SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR'!

THIS PACKAGE TELLS HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS

A BOOK ON DEFENSE

A BOOK ON OFFENSE

I'VE NOTICED THAT PLENTY OF YOUNG BALLPLAYERS IMPROVE PLENTY FAST ONCE THEY GET SOME GOOD COACHING," SAYS VERN STEPHENS. "IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN PLAYING BASEBALL, YOU CAN FIND SOME MIGHTY GOOD COACHING TIPS IN WHEATIES NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOKS. 'WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?' INCIDENTALLY, I APPEAR IN THE BOOKS AND SO DO 33 OTHER 'BIG LEAGUERS'!"

THE BROWNS' BRILLIANT SHORTSTOP WAS A "LEAGUE LEADER" HIS FIRST FULL YEAR IN ORGANIZED BASEBALL. IN 1939 HE LED THE KITTY LEAGUE WITH A BATTING AVERAGE OF .361, 30 HOME RUNS, AND 123 RUNS BATTED IN

IN A WARM-UP FOR HIS HOME RUN RECORD, STEPHENS LED THE LEAGUE IN RUNS BATTED IN DURING 1944 -- AND LED HIS TEAM TO ITS FIRST AMERICAN LEAGUE PENNANT

WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions

"PEPSI"
THE PEPSI-
COLA-
COP

E.O.S.
 POLICE-BOAT
 LONG OVERDUE
 PEPSI AND PETE
 MISSING
 50¢

PEPSI, I'M
 SICK IN TWO
 PLACES—I'M
 SEA-SICK
 AN' I'M
 HOME-
 SICK!

SAY!
 LOOKS
 LIKE AN
 ISLAND!

AN ISLAND! IMAGINE AN ISLAND
 IN ALL THIS
 OCEAN!

WE GOTTA FIND
 SOME WATER PETE.
 WE ONLY GOT ONE
 PEPSI-COLA
 BETWEEN US!

HEY, PEPSI! I FOUND A
 SPRING OF
 NICE
 FRESH--

--WATER!

GOLLY, LOOKS LIKE
 PETE'S UP A SPOUT!

QUICK! TIE
 TH' ROPE
 AROUND
 YOU,
 PETE!

AAH, WHAT
 A WHALE OF
 A DRINK!

HELP!

NOW JUST A LITTLE
 PEPPER
 ON THE
 NOSE!

- AND THAR
 SHE BLOWS!

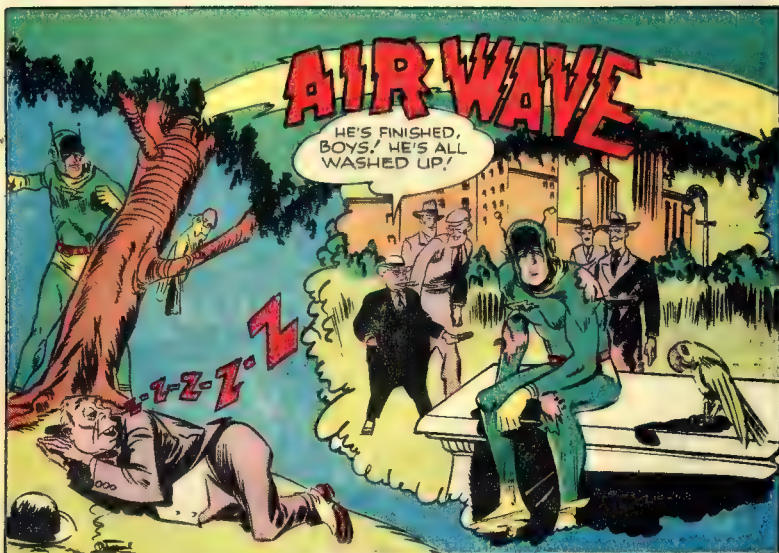
K-CHOO!

CHEER UP,
 PETE, YOU
 OLD JONAH!
 I GAVE A
 LITTLE SIP
 FOR YOU!

MORE PEPSI, MORE!
 I KNEW THERE WUZ
 SUMP'N FISHY
 ABOUT THIS
 ISLAND!

PEPSI
SEZ:

DON'T BE A
 SIMPLE SIMON
 -ASK FOR A
 BIG PEPSI-
 COLA!



CAN YOU IMAGINE AIR WAVE STRIPPED OF HIS MARVELOUS RADIO POWERS? AIR WAVE HELPLESS TO STOP PILLAGING CROOKS? IT'S A DAZZLING DREAM TO CHEER THE HEARTS OF UNDERWORLD BIG SHOTS. BUT BIGGY BOGART UNDERESTIMATES THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS-AND STATIC, THE PROVERB MANGLING PARROT-WHEN HE SCHEMES TO

"SHORT-CIRCUIT AIR WAVE!"

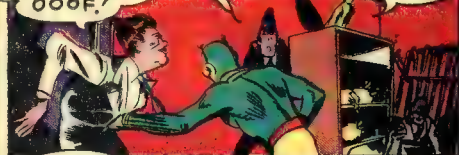
by Lee HARRIS

LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, AIR WAVE SWOOPS OUT OF THE NIGHT...

THAT SOUP MUST'VE GONE OFF TWICE!
OOOF!

IT'S AIR WAVE!

ACCIDENTS HAPPEN TO THE BEST OF CROOKS!
AWWRK!



THE POLICE WILL TAKE OVER NOW, BOYS!

YOU WIN TONIGHT, AIR WAVE-BUT SOON YOU'RE GONNA LOSE!



THE THIEF'S GLOATING PREDICTION SEEMED TO HOLD A HIDDEN THREAT! WHAT'S BEHIND IT? AIR WAVE CANNOT DISMISS IT FROM HIS MIND, SO, LATER, AT HOME ...

HE TUNES IN—WITH AMAZING RESULTS!

MINUTES LATER, AIR WAVE'S MAGNETIC SKATES SPEED HIM ACROSS TOWN ...

WONDER WHAT THAT THUG HAS UP HIS SLEEVE? I'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING ON THE AIR ...

CALLING AIR WAVE! HELLO, AIR WAVE!

I'LL SEE WHO'S TUNING IN ON MY PRIVATE FREQUENCY!

FINALLY, THE BROADCASTER IS LOCATED...

A GIRL!

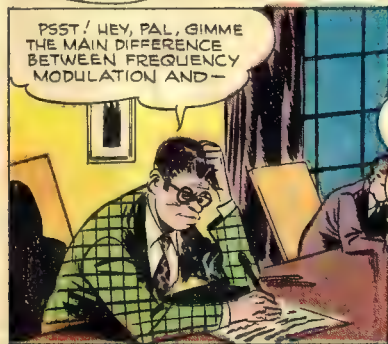
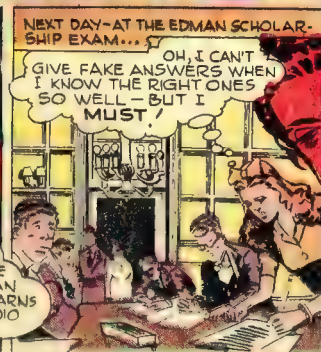
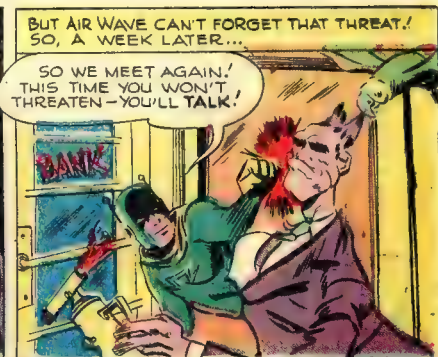
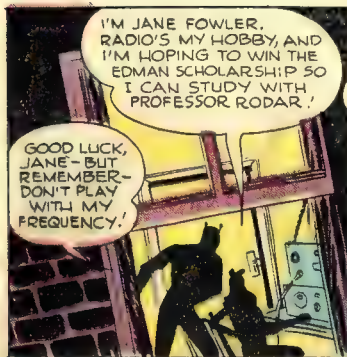
OH—AIR WAVE!

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION! AWEK!

YOU CALLED ME, DIDN'T YOU?

BUT I DIDN'T THINK—I-I WAS JUST EXPERIMENTING—

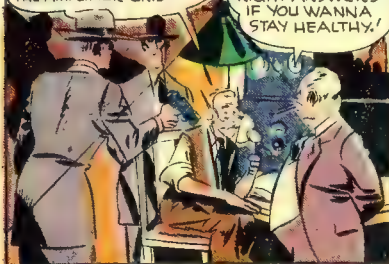
AND YOU ACCIDENTALLY HIT MY FREQUENCY? NOT BAD, MISS—



MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY...

...IN LINK COUPLING THE THE ACCELERATION OF THE AMPLIFIER GRID-

THAT'S IT, DOC! GIVE SLICK THE RIGHT ANSWERS- IF YOU WANNA STAY HEALTHY!



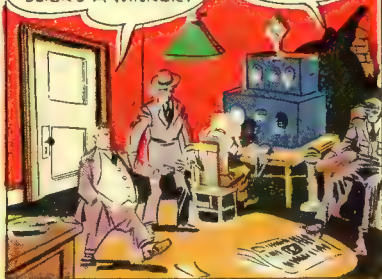
THAT'S NOTHIN.' AFTER SLICK STUDIES RADIO WITH PROFESSOR RODAR HE'LL KNOW HOW TO SPIKE AIR WAVE.

THEN THE TOWN WILL BE OURS AGAIN!



RECESS, BOYS! IT'S IN THE BAG! WITH JANE FOWLER OUT OF THE RUNNING, SLICK'S A WINNER!

SMART WORK, GRABBIN' THIS RADIO EXPERT, BIGGY!



OUTSIDE THE EXAMINATION ROOM DURING RECESS...

IS THE EXAM SO TOUGH, JANE?

OH, AIR WAVE, I CAN ANSWER THE QUESTIONS- BUT I DON'T DARE! IF I DO, MY FATHER WILL BE KILLED!



DON'T QUIT, JANE! GO IN THERE AND WIN! I PROMISE TO PROTECT YOUR FATHER!

I'M AFRAID- BUT IF YOU SAY SO, AIR WAVE-

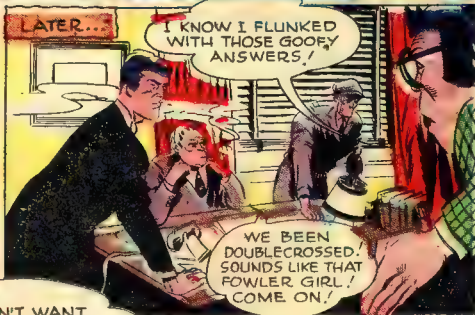
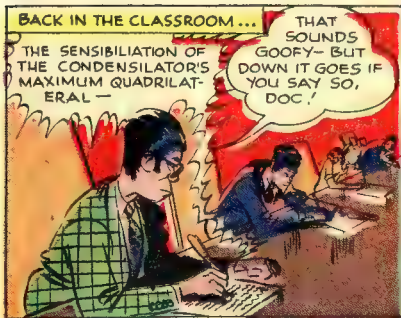


AS THE EXAM GOES ON...

THERE-I HAVE HIS FREQUENCY! NOW, SLICK, HERE'S SOME KNOCKOUT ANSWERS...

ONE MAN'S ANSWER IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON! HA-HA!





THEN AIR WAVE BROADCASTS POWER TO THE JACKET ZIPPER OF ONE THUG— THE METAL CAP SNAP OF THE OTHER, AND...



MEANWHILE, AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN....

SMART GAL, EH? I'LL TEACH YOU —

MY, WHAT A DIRTY FACE! HERE —

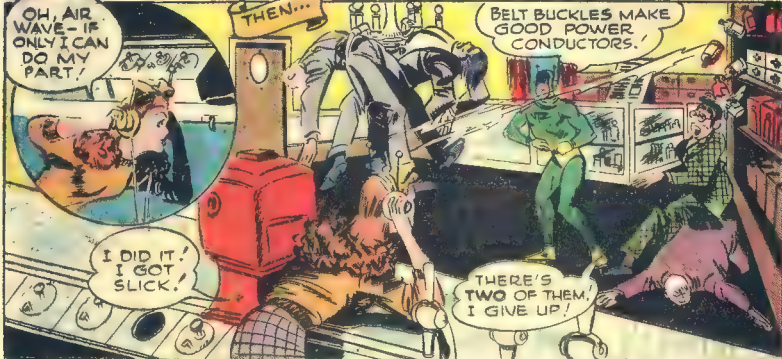


OH, AIR WAVE — IF ONLY I CAN DO MY PART!



THEN...

I DID IT! I GOT SLICK!



BELT BUCKLES MAKE GOOD POWER CONDUCTORS!

THERE'S TWO OF THEM, I GIVE UP!

THINK YOU KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT RADIO, BIGGY?

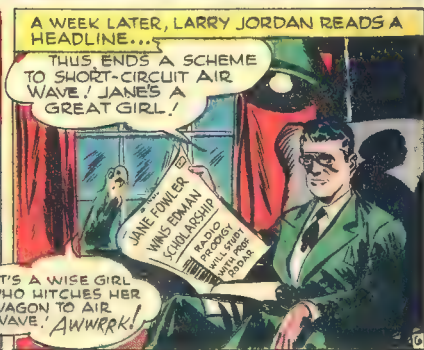
I NEVER WANT TO HEAR A RADIO AGAIN!



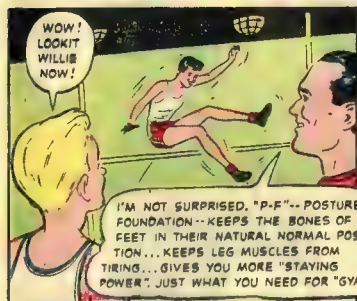
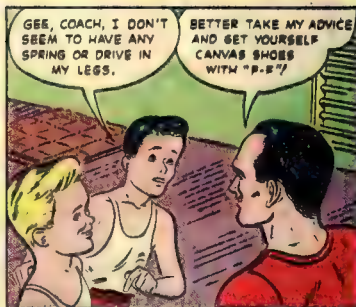
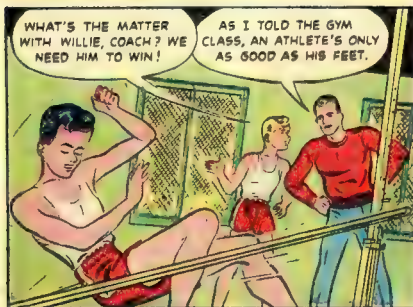
A WEEK LATER, LARRY JORDAN READS A HEADLINE...

THIS ENDS A SCHEME TO SHORT-CIRCUIT AIR WAVE! JANE'S A GREAT GIRL!

IT'S A WISE GIRL WHO WITCHES HER WAGON TO AIR WAVE! AWWRRK!

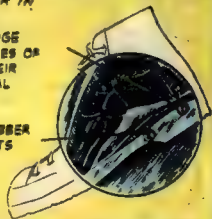


FROM "LEAD FOOT" TO ANCHOR MAN



HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER IN GYM WORK

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



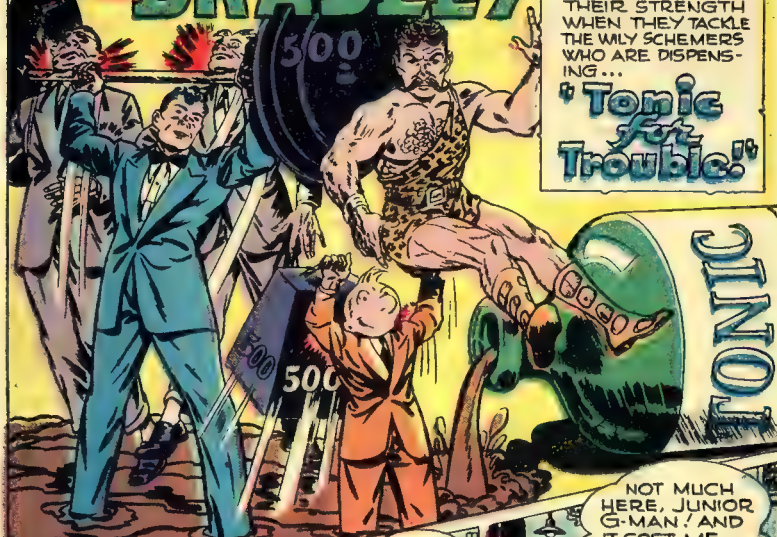
"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION--A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

B.F. GOODRICH OR
HOOD RUBBER CO.

SLAM BRADLEY

FEEL THOSE MIGHTY MUSCLES... LOOK AT THOSE POWERFUL PHYSIQUES! YES, SIR, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN ARE FULL OF EXTRA VIM AND VIGOR THESE DAYS... AND A GOOD THING, TOO! FOR THEY NEED ALL THEIR STRENGTH WHEN THEY TACKLE THE WILY SCHEMERS WHO ARE DISPENSING...

"Tonic for Trouble!"



SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN ARE GOOD DETECTIVES.. EVER ALERT FOR CRIME
...

LOOK, SLAM... A REWARD! MAYBE THIS IS OUR LUCKY DAY!

NEWS
ROBBERS MAKE ANOTHER HAUL
\$500 REWARD OFFERED.

CAN WE AFFORD THREE CENTS FOR A PAPER?

NOT MUCH HERE, JUNIOR G-MAN! AND IT COST ME THREE CENTS TO FIND OUT.

"SLEPT THROUGH IT ALL," SAYS VICTIM



YES, SLAM AND SHORTY HAVE THEIR WEAK MOMENTS! HERE THEY ARE IN ANOTHER ONE...

GOSH, I'D LIKE TO BE THAT STRONG!

SO WOULD I... BUT ONLY SUPERMAN COULD DO THAT! LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THE RACKET IS.

HEALTH INSTIT

1,000 LB

LOOK AT THAT MASS OF MUSCLE, FOLKS! YET THIS MAN ONCE COULDN'T LIFT EVEN TEN POUNDS! TODAY HE CAN LIFT 1,000 POUNDS. IT'S GULPO HEALTH TONIC THAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE. IT CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU, GENTS

I'LL PROVE IT! YOU, MISTER... COME UP ON THE STAGE!

ME?

GO ON, TAKE A BIG DRINK OF GULPO... IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

GULP, GULP...

SAY, THAT TASTED GOOD... I FEEL A LOT BETTER, TOO!

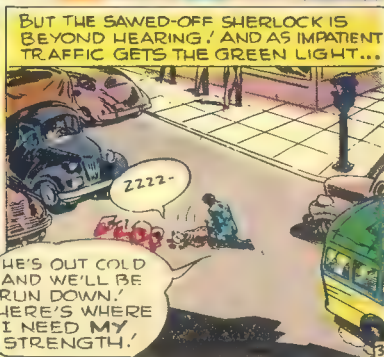
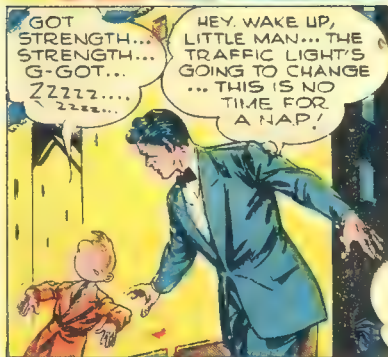
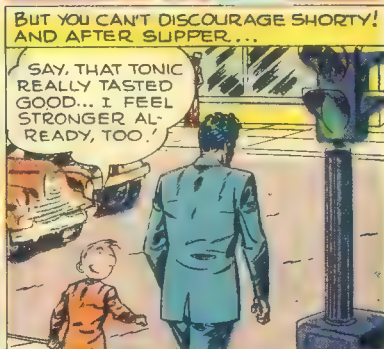
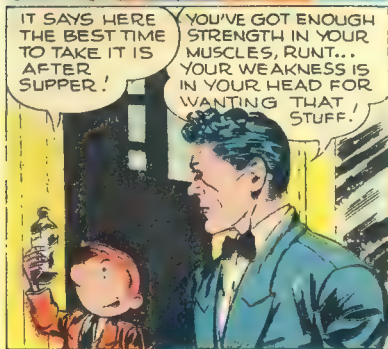
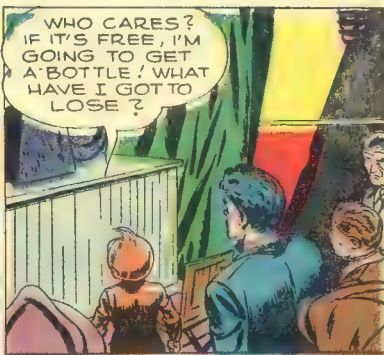
SEE, FOLKS? IT ACTS RIGHT AWAY!

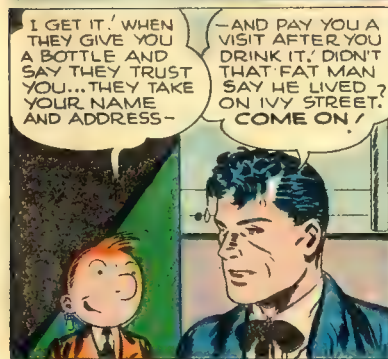
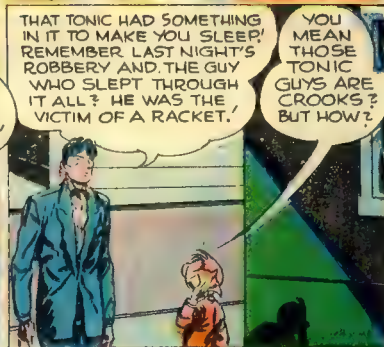
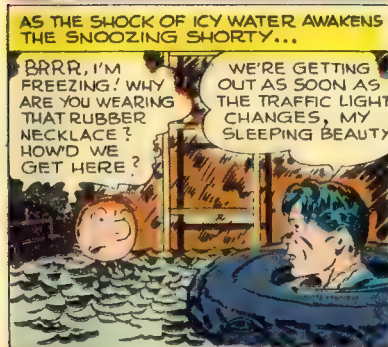
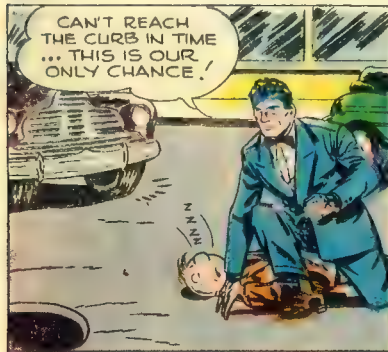
I SURE FEEL POWERFUL. A LITTLE WHILE AGO I WAS SO WEAK I COULD JUST DRAG MYSELF AROUND.

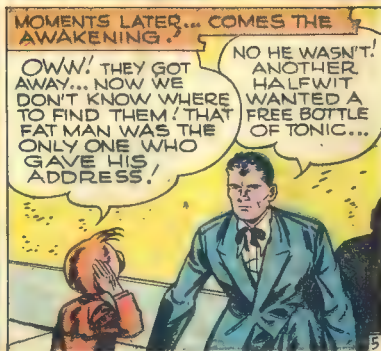
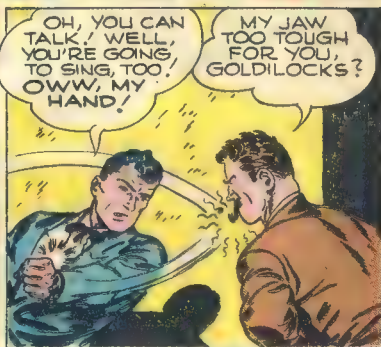
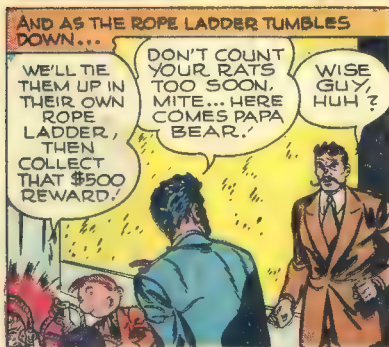
YES, SIR, IT WAS GULPO THAT DID IT.

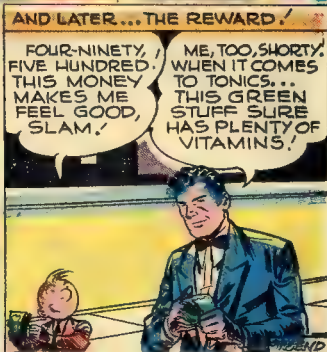
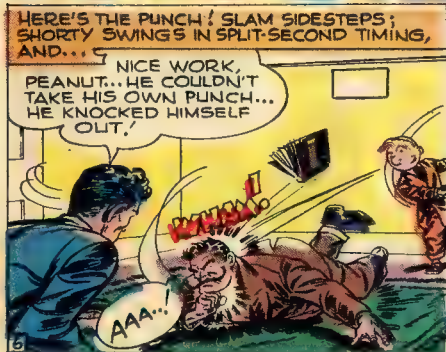
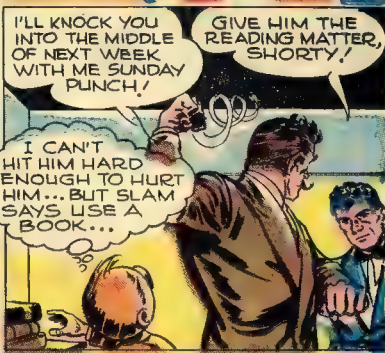
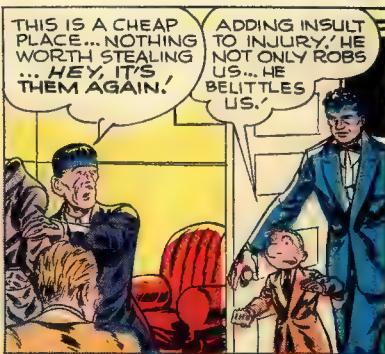
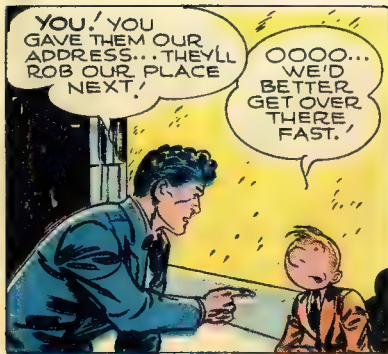
PHOOEY, WHAT A PHONEY ACT.

LOOK, SHORT CHANGE! SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON!





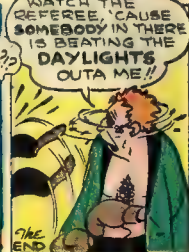
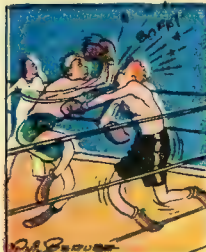
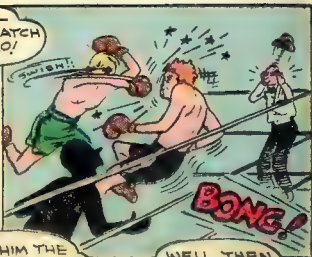
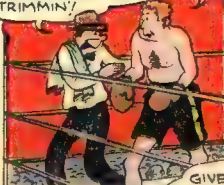






OKAY, BATTLER. YER IN GREAT SHAPE. NOW GO IN THERE AND GIVE 'IM A TRIMMIN'!

BOY- JES' WATCH ME GO!



Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

I CAN'T BEAR TO BE WITHOUT DUBBLE BUBBLE... IT'S SO GOOD!

SNAKES ALIVE... WHAT A WHOPPING PIECE YOU GET FOR A PENNY!

YOU AIN'T LION! AND EVERY PIECE IS WRAPPED IN FUNNIES!

HEY SKINNY, YOUR PANTHER FALLING DOWN!

I GOTTER DUBBLE BUBBLE BECAUSE IT MAKES BIGGER BUBBLES!

OH, DEER, YOU BOAR ME WITH SUCH PUNNY TALK!

YOU OTTER TRY FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM, TOO!

IT'S GETTING LATE... I MOOSE GO HOME NOW!

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE

NICKEL TIP

by Paul Denby

PAPA CARLIN, who ran the diner just outside Menkstown, placed the plate of steaming corned beef and cabbage before the hungry truckdriver. Carlin's Castle was a favorite stopping off place for the highway express trucks that passed through Menkstown. Everybody knew Papa, a widower who, with his young son, Jamie, operated the diner.

But the boys knew Jamie was something of a problem child to Pop. Not that the gangling, fourteen-year-old youngster was a bad boy; he wasn't. Quite the contrary, he was industrious and intelligent.

"But always these hobbies!" Papa Carlin complained now. "First it is stamps; then it is books, and guns and now coins!"

The truck driver, stowed a heaping portion of food in his mouth, laughed, and said:

"Hobbies never hurt anyone, Papa Carlin. Used to have a lot myself. And look, even Presidents collected stamps." The truck driver grinned again. "I got a hobby," he said, "eating your corned beef and cabbage."

Papa Carlin returned the grin. He knew his cooking was good. He'd prepare the specialty and Jamie would do the short-order cooking, just as he was doing now. Carlin's Castle wasn't equipped to make a fortune, but Papa managed to live comfortably.

"Heard about that petty holdup man operating around these parts, Papa?" the truck driver asked. "Seems he knocked off a little cafe about twenty miles down the road last night. Nobody seems to be able to catch him."

A worried look appeared on Papa Carlin's face. "Yes, I have, Tom," he said, "and I'm surprised Trooper Tate hasn't been

around. I wanted to ask him about getting a pistol permit."

"He's probably working on the case. Got a lot of territory to cover," the truck driver said, "but, say Papa, you don't need a gun here. Who'd stick up this place? You're always busy. We truck drivers drop in all hours of the day or night."

"Guess you're right, Tom." Papa Carlin shrugged, hastened to call in another order for corned beef and cabbage. More hungry truck drivers were pulling up outside.

In the kitchen, humming to himself, young Jamie Carlin dished out the victuals, setting them out for Papa in a little cut-out window which connected kitchen to dining room proper.

Young Jamie liked this after-school job. During the day, the Widow Aline helped Papa, but then she had to go back home to take care of her own brood, back from school and clamoring for food and maternal care. It was an ideal arrangement. Jamie was able to study for a couple of hours, work a couple more, then the evenings were almost all his. The night relief man came on at nine.

Consequently, young Jamie was happy. He had his hobbies and he now studied this new book that had arrived only a week earlier. There was so much to learn! In between orders, the book propped on a small shelf in the kitchen, Jamie would memorize some pages.

The rush hour past, Jamie, looking out the kitchen window, saw that there was only one truckman in the diner. He was sipping his coffee, so that meant there wouldn't be a hurry call for orders. He went outside.

"Hiya Pop," he called cheerfully. His

father waved a hand negligently, being at that moment interested in the doings of the A's.

"Ball clubs ain't what they used to be in my day, son," Papa Carlin said. "Now take these A's . . ."

His offspring grinned. "Who couldn't, Pop?" he asked innocently. "Or hadn't you heard Cornelius McGillicuddy Mack is still the manager?" Young Jamie looked at Papa Carlin, who refused to rise to the bait. Then he grinned. That meant Papa was in a good humor. He wouldn't object to—

Young Jamie rang the cash register bell. The drawer popped open.

Papa Carlin looked up. "Hey, what are you doing, son. Eh, what's that, Sir?"

It was the lone diner who had interrupted. He smiled at Pop, laid a nickel tip down on the counter. "I said what do I owe?"

"Thirty-five cents."

"Fine." The man walked to the register, stood in front of it. Jamie held out his hand. Then the lad's eyes popped as the man withdrew from a hip pocket a revolver.

"I'll take what's in the register," the man said politely. "Just the bills."

Jamie's face whitened. "But you can't take—"

"Let him have it, Jamie." Papa Carlin's voice was tense. There was no use arguing with a gun. "He's held up places before."

The man grinned, said nervily: "Right you are, old fellow. You're smart!" He scooped up the bills. "Left a tip for you on the counter, sonny. So long." At the door he paused momentarily. "Don't make the mistake of trying to follow me."

The door slammed. A motor started. Headlights swept into the traffic on the road.

"I—I'd better call the troopers." Papa Carlin gasped. "How much did he get, Jamie?"

"Thirty-five dollars." Jamie had run to

the back of the diner, tried to follow the progress of the car. Traffic was too heavy.

He picked up the nickel the robber had left. "Here's a nickel for the phone, Pop," he said, "so he only got thirty-four ninety-five. He left us a nickel tip."

"I have a nickel," Papa Carlin said. "I'll call. Maybe Trooper Trent will be around. Thirty-five dollars . . . hey, what's the matter with you, Jamie? This is no joke!" His eyes blinked as the boy suddenly raced into the kitchen, to emerge an instant later, excitedly waving a book.

"We didn't lose a thing, Pop," he cried. "Look at this." He laid the nickel down on a page. "This is a book on numismatics—coin collecting, Pop. And it says right here that this 1913 Liberty Head nickel the crook left is worth sixty dollars at least!"

Papa finally found his voice. "Sixty dollars," he whispered. "Sixty dollars!" His eyes lighted in amusement. "Oh, if we could only tell that crook, Jamie boy!"

"You can . . ." a familiar voice boomed.

Both Papa and Jamie whirled simultaneously. So engrossed had they been they hadn't heard Trooper Trent arrive. With him, handcuffed, was the burglar. "I've been watching him for two nights, Papa," Trent said, "and I let him hold up the place here tonight and think he got away with it. I wanted the money on him. You'll get it back." Trent chuckled. "With interest, if what Jamie here says is true."

Papa Carlin bristled. "Of course it's true, Trent," he snapped. "Jamie knows his hobbies." He walked toward the discomfited prisoner, shook a finger under the man's nose.

"You should have had a hobby," he chided, "then maybe you wouldn't have turned into a crook."

Trooper Trent chuckled. "Oh, it's never too late, Papa," he said, "our friend here is getting one—making license plates for the state while he's in prison. Come on, you! Unless you want to leave another tip!"

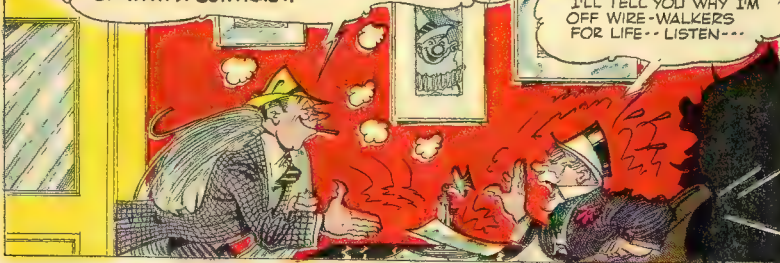
THREE-RING BINK

by JACK
FARR

BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR ALL STAGE,
CIRCUS, SCREEN AND RADIO
HEADLINE ACTS!

MITT THE GREATEST WIRE-WALKING ACT IN THE
WORLD, PAL!--"SLAP-HAPPY SLACK-WIRE SANDOLA
FROM SANDUSKY"---**THAT'S ME!**---I'LL RUN
THROUGH MY ROUTINE OF "STRETTIN' THE STRING"
AND IF I DON'T PANIC YOU INTO RUNNING HALF
A DOZEN TEMPERATURES, **DON'T SEW ME
UP WITH A CONTRACT!**

SCAT!--BUT
BEFORE YOU SLAM
YOUR WAY OUT, SIT
DOWN A SECOND AND
I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'M
OFF WIRE-WALKERS
FOR LIFE--LISTEN---



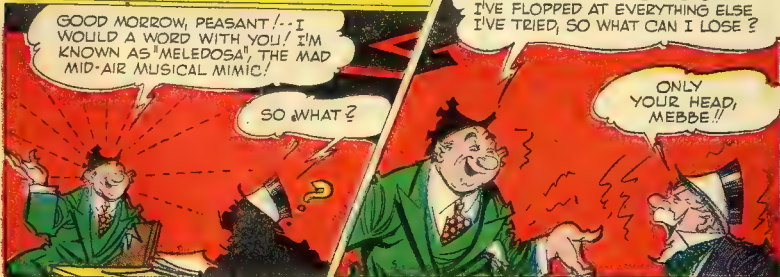
--ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I'M STRANDED OUT IN
THE TALL WEED COUNTRY WITH A LAST-GASP
CARNIVAL, WHEN ONE DAY WHO BARGES IN ON ME, BUT--

GOOD MORROW, PEASANT!--I
WOULD A WORD WITH YOU! I'M
KNOWN AS "MELEDOSA", THE MAD
MID-AIR MUSICAL MIMIC!

SO WHAT?

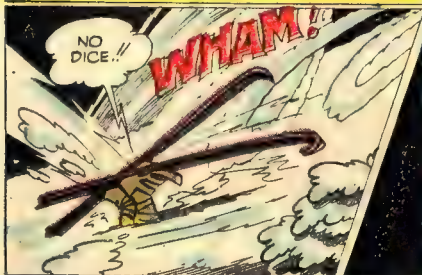
SO THIS!--I'M STAGE-STRUCK
AND I WANNA JOIN YOUR SHOW!
I'VE FLOPPED AT EVERYTHING ELSE
I'VE TRIED, SO WHAT CAN I LOSE?

ONLY
YOUR HEAD,
MEBBE!!

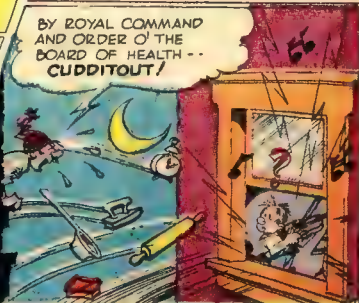


"--THEN, MELEDOSA TOLD ME THE SAD STORY OF HIS FRUSTRATED LIFE!-- AS A YOUTH, BACK IN THE OLD COUNTRY, HE TRIED TO LEARN TO SKI. HE FLOPPED AT THAT!"

"--NEXT HE STUDIED VIOLIN FOR SIX LONG YEARS-- HE FLOPPED AT THAT!"

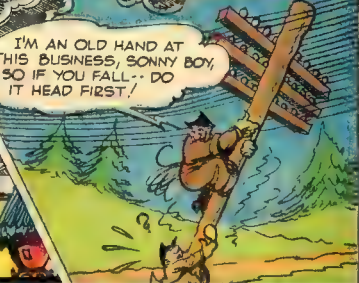
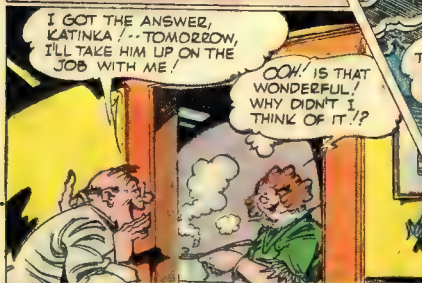


BY ROYAL COMMAND AND ORDER O' THE BOARD OF HEALTH -- CUDDITOUT!



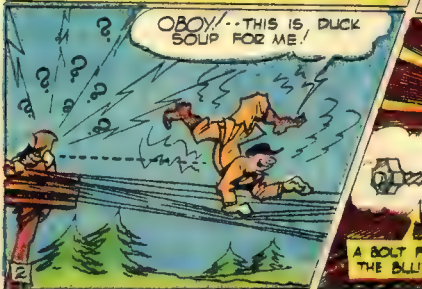
"-- HAVING, BY THIS TIME, BECOME A GRADE A PROBLEM CHILD TO HIS NOT TOO DOTING PARENTS, THEY LOOKED FOR A MEANS TO AN END --"

"-- HIS FATHER WAS A TELEGRAPH LINESMAN -- (UP IN THE POLAR REGIONS) -- (GAG) -- (OR IS IT?) --"



"-- BUT AT THIS POINT FATE PLAYED ONE OF ITS PESKY PRANKS AND YOUNG MELEDOSA WAS SOON RIGHT AT HOME -- IN THE UPPER STRATA"

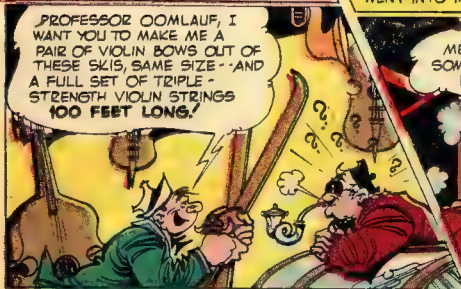
"-- ALSO HAVING GREATLY IMPROVED HIS VIOLIN PLAYING AND SKI TECHNIQUE BY THIS TIME, HE HIT ON AN IDEA THAT ONLY A MAD GENIUS WOULD THINK OF! --"





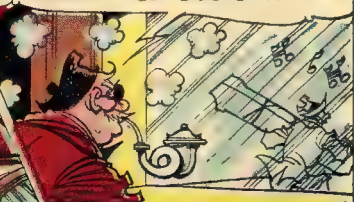
--HE'D PARCEL HIS THREE TALENTS IN ONE PACKAGE--AND THEN--DO AN ACT--THIS IS HOW HE PERFECTED IT!--"

--THE PROFESSOR THOUGHT HE MUST HAVE FALLEN ON HIS HEAD LATELY (BUT SEVERELY)--NEVERTHELESS, HE FILLED THE ORDER WITHIN THE WEEK, THEN MELEDOSA WENT INTO INTENSE SECRET PRACTICE!--"



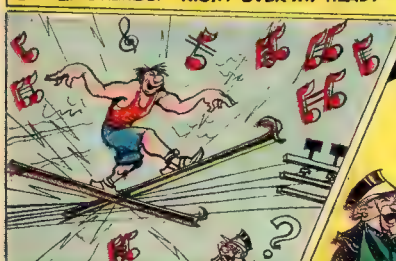
PROFESSOR OOMLAUF, I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A PAIR OF VIOLIN BOWS OUT OF THESE SKIS, SAME SIZE--AND A FULL SET OF TRIPLE-STRENGTH VIOLIN STRINGS 100 FEET LONG!

MEBBE THAT YOUNG FELLER'S GOT SOMETHIN' IN HIS NOODLE BESIDES DANDRUFF!-- BUT I DOUBT IT!



--THAT BRINGS US UP TO THE DAY I MET HIM--WELL, SON, HE RIGGED UP HIS TACKLE AND DID HIS ACT FOR ME! OH-WAH! WAS IT MARVELOUS! HE ACTUALLY SAID BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS ON A SET OF STRINGS!-- RIGHT OVER MY HEAD!--"

--I KNEW I HAD AN UNCLAIMED GOLD MINE RIGHT IN MY HIP POCKET SO I SIGNED HIM UP QUICKER'N NEXT RENT DAY!



AND WE'LL GET ALONG RIGHT SMART, SONNY BOY, EFFEN Y'DON'T GO TOO HEAVY ON TH' BOOGIE WOOGIE!

\$18.00 A WEEK! FAME AT LAST!!



BOY! HE TOOK THE SHOW OUT OF THE RED OVERNIGHT!--AND IN TWO WEEKS' TIME WE WERE UP TO OUR HIPS IN PROFITS!--"

--HE WAS AN EIGHT ALARM RIOT ALL OVER THE CIRCUIT!--I 'MEMBER ONE NIGHT IN DULLUTH, OR MEBBE IT WAS DUBUQUE, HE PLAYED "THE LULLABY FROM JOCELYN" SO PERFECT, IT HAD THE WHOLE AUDIENCE SLEEPING IN THE AISLES!--"



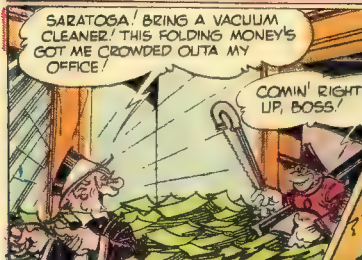
AIN'T THAT GUY WUN'NERFUL? THAT'S AN ARIA FROM THAIS!!



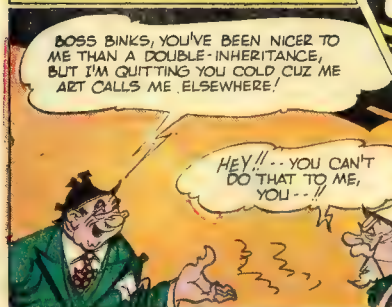
SNORE!! S-SNORE!!

"WELL, PAL, FOR ONE SOLID YEAR WE PLAYED TO PACKED HOUSES FROM PADUCAH TO PARAGUAY, AND THE FOLDING-MONEY POURED INTO OUR BOX OFFICE SO HEAVY THAT I STILL THINK IT STARTED THE PRESENT PAPER SHORTAGE --"

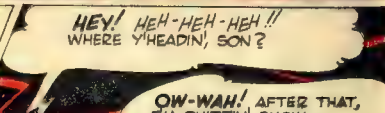
THEN IT HAPPENED!--- FOR TWO AND THREE DAYS AT A TIME HE'D **DISAPPEAR** --AND WE'D HAVE TO CLOSE THE SHOW!"



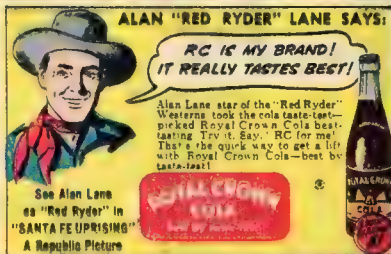
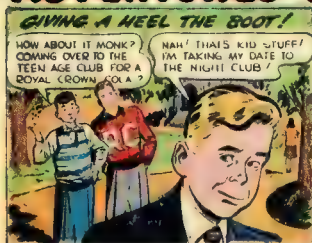
"TWO HYSTERICAL MONTHS OF THAT PASSED--AND THEN THE FINAL PAY-OFF!"



--ON ALL THOSE DAYS HE TOOK OFF, HE WAS REHEARSING A 50-PIECE TROUPE OF HIS OWN, AND NOW HE'S GOT A COMPLETE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON WIRES THAT'S CLEANIN' UP MILLIONS IN RADIO, ON RECORDS AN' JUKE BOXES,--AND---



ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



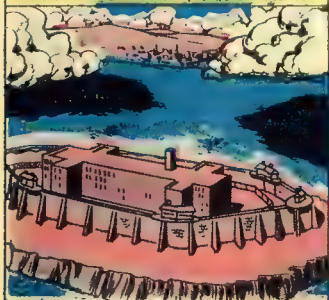


The **BOY COMMANDOS** in **'TEN DAYS IN THE BIG HOUSE!'**

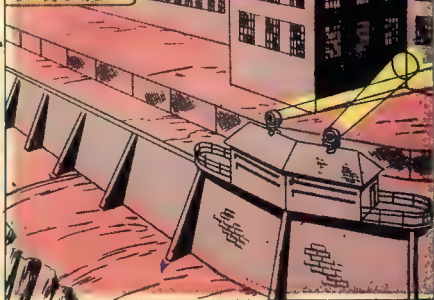


THEY NAMED THE NEW PRISON "TRAIL'S END," AND THEY SAID IT WAS ESCAPE PROOF. NO ONE EVER GOT OUT ALIVE AND NO ONE EXPECTED TO. SO, WHEN THE PRISON GRAPEVINE RUMORS A COMING BREAK, RIP CARTER IS ASSIGNED TO FIND THE LOOPHOLE.... AND THE BOY COMMANDOS BECOME INVOLVED IN A THRILLING WHIRLWIND ADVENTURE DURING... **TEN DAYS IN THE BIG HOUSE!**

ON AN ISOLATED ISLAND, WHERE SHIPS NEVER GO, STANDS THE GRIM PRISON KNOWN AS "TRAIL'S END"...



...AND DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD WHISPER THAT ALL WHO ENTER "TRAIL'S END" ABANDON HOPE OF ESCAPE...



BUT, ONE NIGHT...

LISTEN! SOMEONE HAS SET OFF THE ALARM!

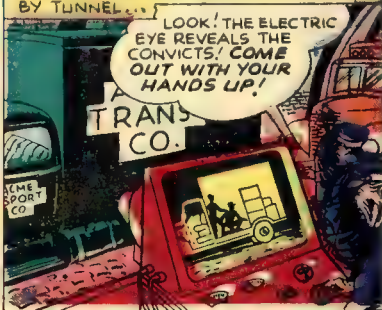
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!
DUKE SAID DA GROUND WAS WIRED. BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.



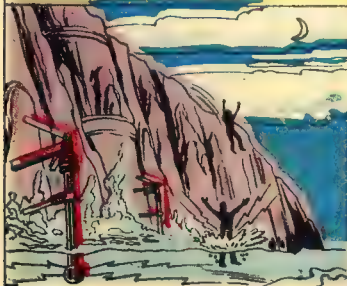
THE ONLY ENTRANCE INTO THE PRISON IS BY TUNNEL...

LOOK! THE ELECTRIC EYE REVEALS THE CONVICTS! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

TRANS CO.



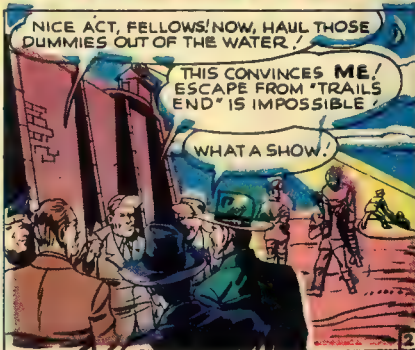
WHILE OTHERS TRY TO ESCAPE BY WATER, ONLY TO BE CAUGHT IN A CLEVER ELECTRIC TRAP...



NICE ACT, FELLOWS! NOW, HAUL THOSE DUMMIES OUT OF THE WATER!

THIS CONVINCES ME! ESCAPE FROM "TRAIL'S END" IS IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT A SHOW!



MEANWHILE, AT THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION...

WE CONVINCED THE PRESS, CARTER!
BUT I HAVE A TIP THAT A BIG BREAK
IS BEING PLANNED.

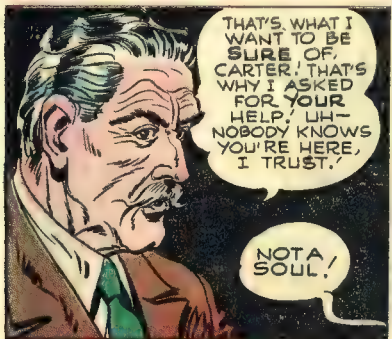


THE ONLY ENTRANCE IS BY TUNNEL—AND
ALL VEHICLES ARE CHECKED BY THE
ELECTRIC EYE. NO SHIPS ARE ALLOWED
TO GO NEAR THE ISLAND, AND THE WATERS
AND GROUNDS ARE ELECTRICALLY
CHARGED.



SEEMS
FOOLPROOF,
SIR!

THAT'S WHAT I
WANT TO BE
SURE OF,
CARTER. THAT'S
WHY I ASKED
FOR YOUR
HELP. UH—
NOBODY KNOWS
YOU'RE HERE,
I TRUST.



NOT A
SOUL!

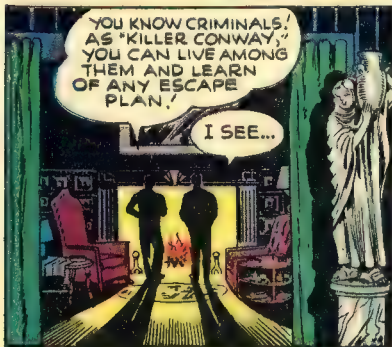
THEN LISTEN—
I AM "SENTENCING"
YOU TO "TRAIL'S END"
AS "KILLER CONWAY"
ON A DEATH
SENTENCE.

DEATH
SENTENCE?



YOU KNOW CRIMINALS!
AS "KILLER CONWAY,"
YOU CAN LIVE AMONG
THEM AND LEARN
OF ANY ESCAPE
PLAN.

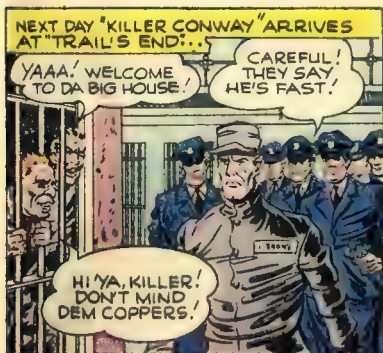
I SEE...

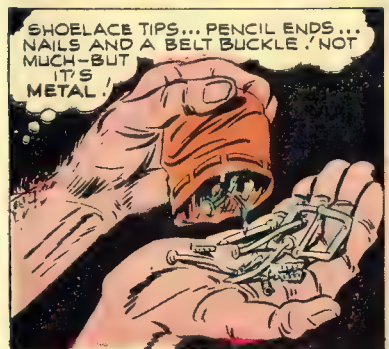
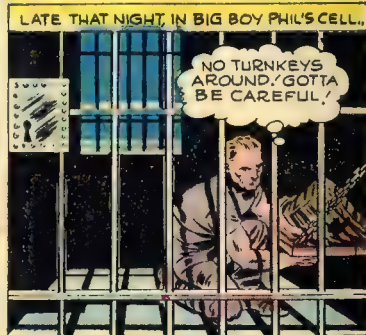
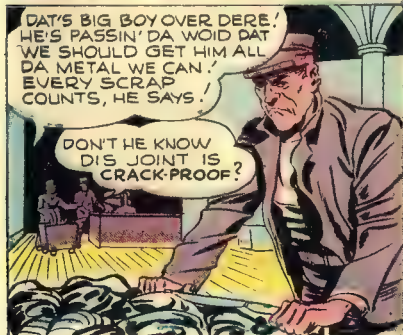
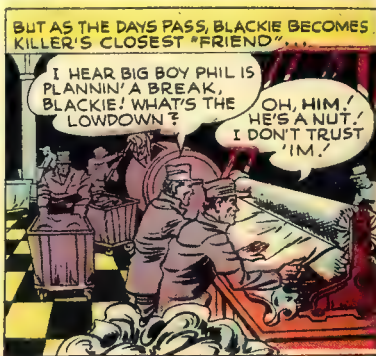
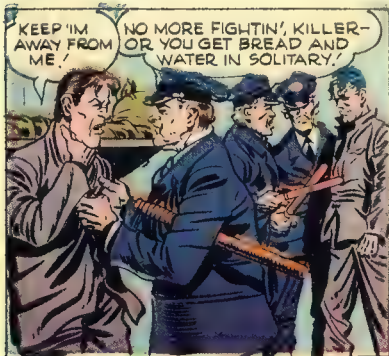


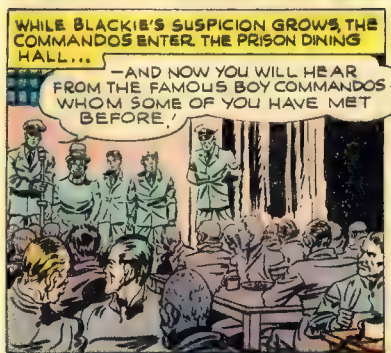
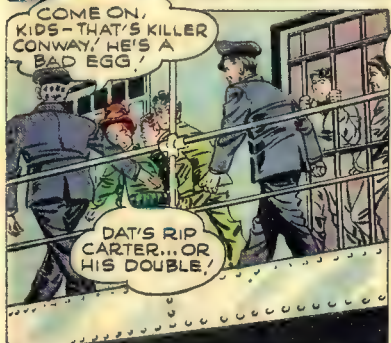
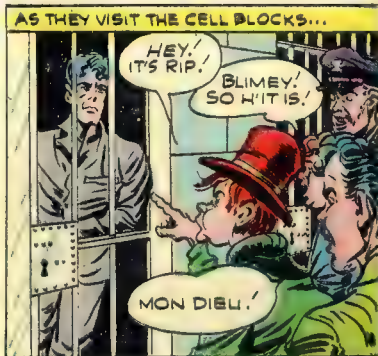
ON THE DAY THE ESCAPE
IS DUE TO TAKE PLACE,
I WILL HAVE YOU
RELEASED AND WE
WILL EXPOSE
THE PLAN! BUT
NOBODY MUST
KNOW WHO
YOU ARE
BEFOREHAND!
NOT EVEN THE
WARDEN.

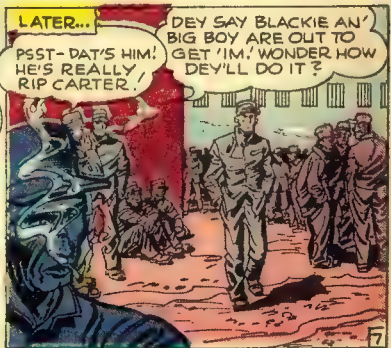
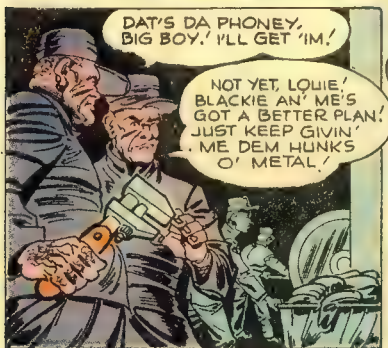
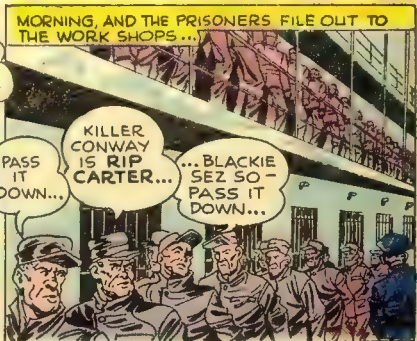
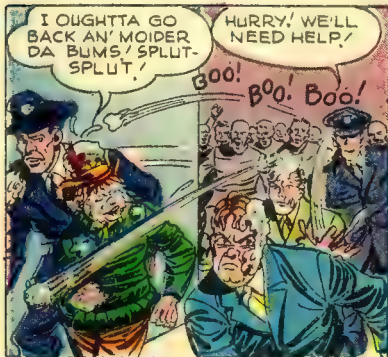
RIGHT,
SIR!













LATER, AT THE BASEBALL GAME...

ZOWIE!
BLACKJACK
LOUIE HIT
ONE OVER
DA WALL!

DAT BALL'S
DA ONLY THING
DAT EVER GOT
OUTTA DIS
PLACE!

LISTEN, BIG
BOY-ZZZ-
ZZZ-ZZZ-

-SO CARTER'S IN DEATH ROW,
SPYIN' ON US, BUT HERE'S MY
PLAN... BZZZ
BZZZZ...

POIFECT, BLACKIE,
POIFECT, WOTTA
REVENGE!

THE LAST MILE...

MY EXECUTION'S SET FOR
TOMORROW! HAVEN'T HEARD FROM
THE GOVERNOR YET... WISH HE'D
HURRY... BIG BOY HAS A PLAN
TO BREAK OUT-

-I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY
BIG BOY WANTS THOSE METAL PIECES!
WISH THE BOYS WERE WITH ME ON
THIS ONE.

THEN WORD OF KILLER CONWAY'S FATE HITS
THE STREETS...

CONWAY DIES TOMORROW

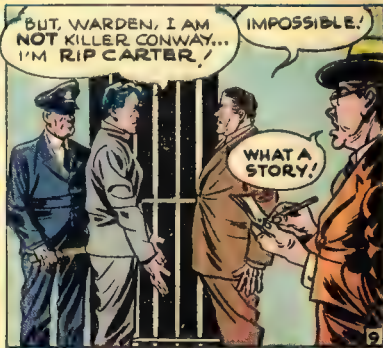
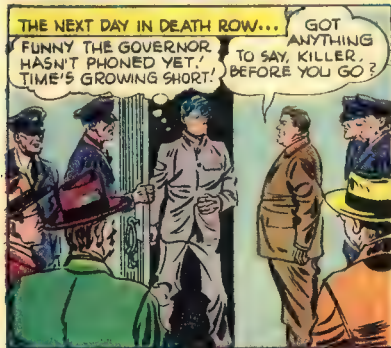
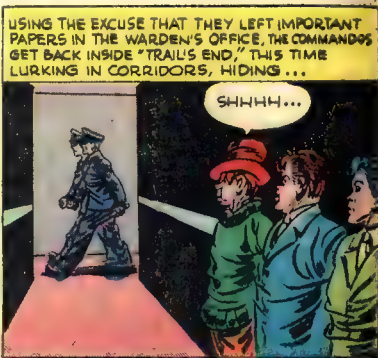
KILLER CONWAY

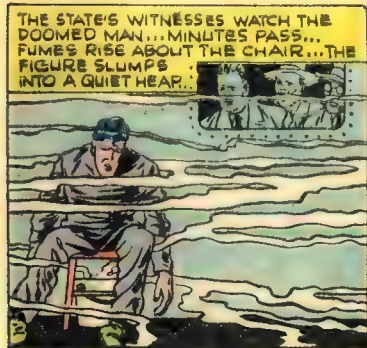
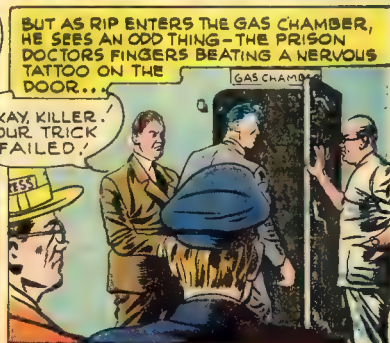
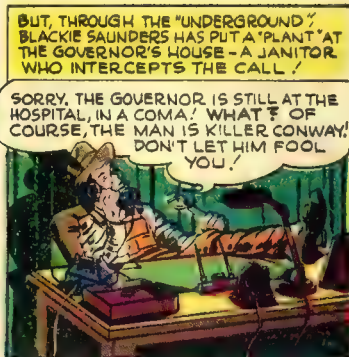
GOVERNOR SUFFERS
HEART ATTACK;
TAKEN TO
HOSPITAL IN
COMA!

DAT'S
RIP! I'M
POSITIVE!

W'IT SURE IS! BLIMEY!
HE MUST BE OUTA
'IS 'EAD!

LET'S DO
SOMETHING!

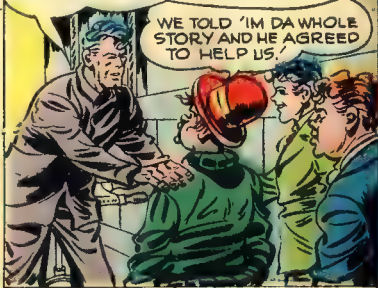




AS THE PRONE FIGURE IS CARRIED UP A LONELY CORRIDOR, THE BEARERS STOP AT THE PHARMACY...



BROOKLYN, ALFY, ANDRE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE BEHIND THIS WHEN I GOT THE DOCTOR'S SIGNALS.



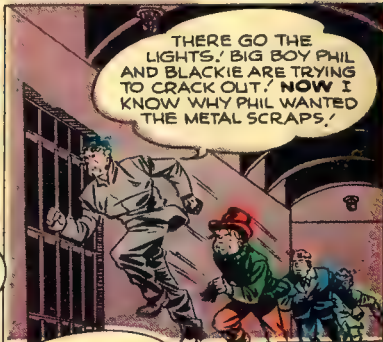
WE TOLD 'IM DA WHOLE STORY AND HE AGREED TO HELP US.

THE DOCTOR'S FINGERS DRUMMED OUT A MORSE CODE MESSAGE ON THE DOOR—TELLING ME TO PLAY DEAD WHEN THE GAS FUMES APPEARED!



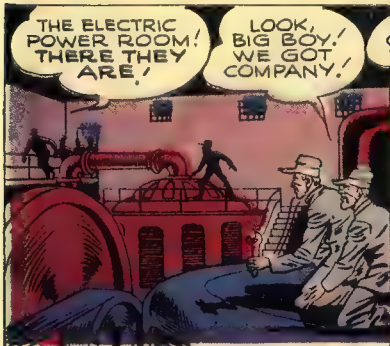
YEAH—HE PUT HARMLESS CHEMICAL PILLS IN WATER—MADE IT LOOK LIKE GAS!

THERE GO THE LIGHTS! BIG BOY PHIL AND BLACKIE ARE TRYING TO CRACK OUT. NOW I KNOW WHY PHIL WANTED THE METAL SCRAPS!



THE ELECTRIC POWER ROOM! THERE THEY ARE!

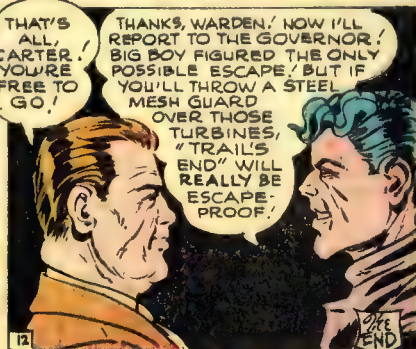
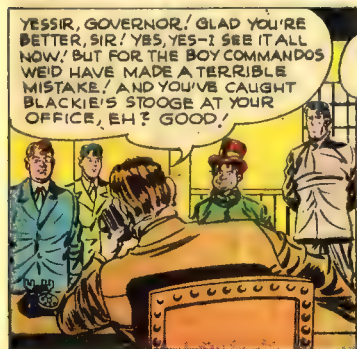
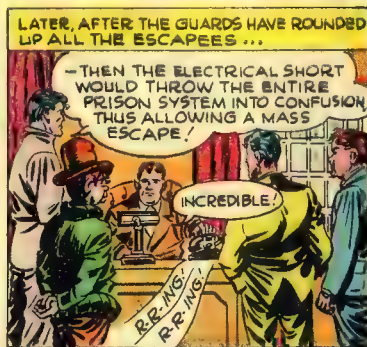
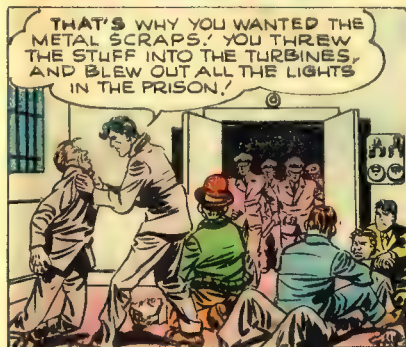
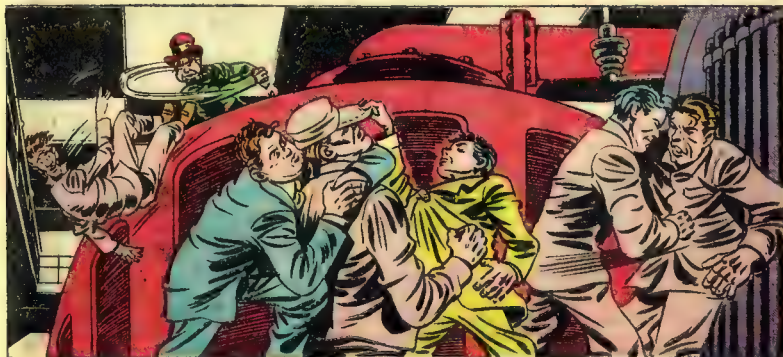
LOOK, BIG BOY! WE GOT COMPANY!



HELLO, PHIL! BROKE OUT WHILE THE GUARDS WERE WATCHING THE "SHOW," EH?

YA AIN'T STOPPIN' US, CARTER!





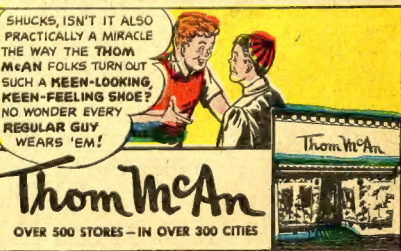
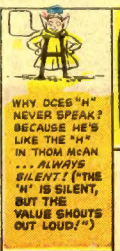
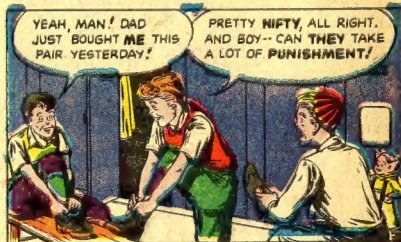
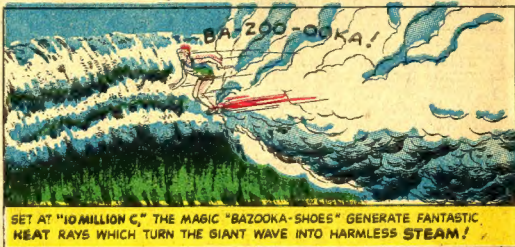
HOW THOM McAN

WITH HIS MAGIC



STOPPED A TIDAL WAVE

"BAZOOKA-SHOES"



Thom McAn
OVER 500 STORES - IN OVER 300 CITIES



TOPS IN COMICS!

THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES
WHICH COMPRISE THE
SUPERMAN DC
COMIC GROUP

LOOK FOR THIS
TRADE MARK
ON THE COVER



IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE
BEST IN
COMICS

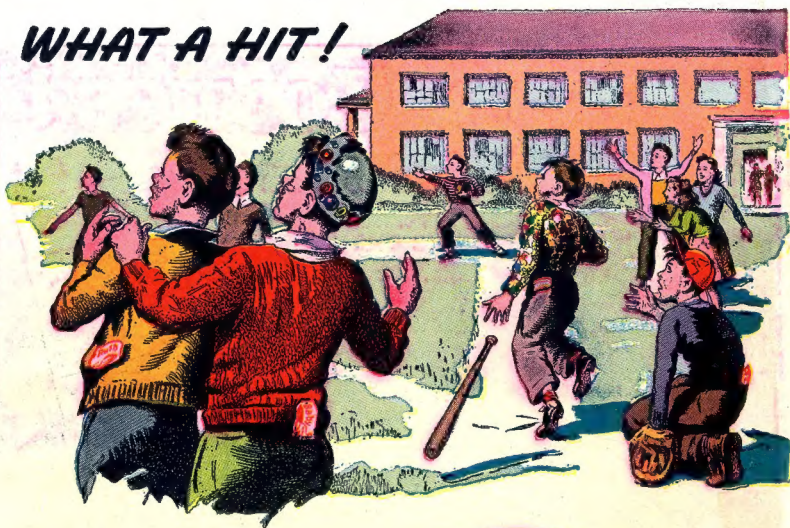
Now
ON SALE
EVERYWHERE



Look
FOR THE DC
TRADE MARK



WHAT A HIT!



NOW FOR A



Geel! Baby Ruth Cookies are great!
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

Good Fun :

It's a good old American custom; to relax with the gang and enjoy a tempting **Baby Ruth** bar. The minute you bite into that chewy, delicious candy, you know it's the best you can buy.

Good Food:

You need lots of energy to keep up with the team. **Baby Ruth** candy is rich in dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy . . . contains other vital ingredients, too.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY · Producers of Fine Foods · **CHICAGO 13, ILL.**

THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN